THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1845. WHOLE NO. 1263.

Original Poetry.

THE SPIRIT VOICE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. S. A.

"Oh! if the soul immortal be
It can do love immortal too"—*Hemans.*

Oh! tell me thou spirit, that minstrel of song,
Why dost thou linger, when others are gone,
And bring in thy wanderings the note of farewell,
That bid me to follow where I should dwell?
I hear thee at even, and in the night wind
Then art like the shadow of memory's mind,
And on thy harp breathing, so sad in its tone,
Then mentionst my sorrow for one that is gone.

I sit where the dead sleep, and where the dead pray,
And hear thee repeating my spirit's sad lay,
And feel my heart coming in every soft breeze,
That passeth'd in mourning the grave trees.
I hear thee, oh, spirit! oh, voice of my love,
I hear thy low accents through midnight's dove,
And when I am weeping, thy harp's saddest tone
Is soothing my sorrow for one that is gone.

I see the woods fading, and hear the low wail,
Of leaves as they pass on the sad autumn gale,
And I greet thee in each, oh, "spirit" is the knell,
That comest to my heart in the sound of the bell.
And when I lie down, thy harp's sadder tone
When visions of beauty are shrouded in gloom,
Thy voice shall be heard, and my soul's sadden'd tone
Is mocking my sorrow for one that I gone.

Oh! pilgrim of sorrow, my minstrel is love,
And sweet is my union with thee and above,
And oft will her spirit come down on my wing,
And in thy sweet whisper, that dear one be near,
I follow thee, minstrel, to dry up the tear,
That oft is seen falling for one that was dear—
I come not to grieve thee, my harp's sadder tone
Will lead thy sorrow for one that is gone."

Then come to the meadow, thou voice of my heart,
If thou be thy strand, oh! never depart,
But come with thy minstrel in every sad gale,
And sigh in the shadow of leaves that are pale;
And come when the flowers are sweet in their bloom,
And when they have faded, and weep on the tomb.
Where lies my heart's treasure—oh! then breathe the tone
That heals all my sorrow for one that is gone.
Sept., 1845.

Original Tales.

MARY ORMOND.

A Domestic Tale.

CONCLUDED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

CHAPTER IV.

When her pupils came with their smiling faces and cheerful looks, Mary could scarcely believe them that she had a sick friend in the cottage, and bade them to wait till they should hear from her, ere their cheerful voices be hushed, and their exercises of one who sought heaven's forgiveness, she took the Holy Book from which she had often read to her mother, and which, since her death, had been a much prized treasure, and seating herself by her bedside read aloud the sick one to tell her the penitent pardoned, and of another world. To Harriette these passages, read in Mary's sweet tones, were a new light, and as she listened to the story of love and mercy, which she had scarcely heard before, she felt that she was a sinner, and that she needed a Saviour. But her prayer was not all for herself, for she remembered Mary's sorrows and her dark eye was suffused with tears. Penitence was in her heart; she had in spirit prayed that her errors might be forgiven her, and that her prayer was pleasing to her, and she longed for some one to sympathize in her holy feelings and guide her devotions. She wished to speak of what she felt, but she knew not how to express herself, and she longed for some one to sympathize in her holy feelings and guide her devotions. She wished to speak of what she felt, but she knew not how to express herself, and she longed for some one to sympathize in her holy feelings and guide her devotions. She wished to speak of what she felt, but she knew not how to express herself, and she longed for some one to sympathize in her holy feelings and guide her devotions.

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Prepared and sold by SCARFAN & CONSTABLE, Druggists, No. 20 North Second street, Philadelphia. Price $1 per bottle.

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COMPOUND SYRUP OF SARSAPARILLA.

Prepared by SCARFAN & CONSTABLE, Druggists, *Sporting of Historical Society*, Philadelphia.

Wm. Hall, Wholesale and Retail Druggist, Wheeling

HISTORICAL AND ONLY GENUINE.

From the valuable work and not to be confounded with any of the *Lozenge*, nonintercourse to the public, that the Proprietors of this preparation do hereby protect themselves against the numerous spurious preparations, now in the market, under the name of *Sarsaparilla*, and to which they have given no appearance of countenance, by publishing the name of the person who first introduced it, and it is deemed unnecessary to say more than that the Proprietors have been in the wholesale and retail Drug business in this city for upwards of twenty years, and that they have been in the habit of preparing the Sarsaparilla for sale for the last seven years, during which time it has been introduced into general use, and has received the highest encomiums from all who have used it. The Proprietors have also been appointed Agents for the Public Good Institution.

Wholesale and retail agents for the sale of the above valuable medicine, by the proprietors, which may be had genuine at their store, No. 20 North Second street, Philadelphia.

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Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES

NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE.

BOHEMIAN SCENERY—WAYSIDE SHRINES—ODD TEAMS—IGLAU—ZNAIM—THE ALPS AND THE DANUBE.

Vienna, *May* 25th, 1845.

I date at last my first letter from this great capital—the German Paris—this connecting link between the enlightened civilization of Europe and the half-barbarous magnificence of the East. It has, as yet, seen nothing of its thousand wonders; but it is something to know that I am within its walls, that I am in a free town I shall look with pride on for the meantime, let me tell you what we saw on our stock of two hundred miles since leaving Prague.

Our road for the first two days led across broad, elevated plains, across which a cold north wind came down from the summits of the Riesengebirge, far to our left. Had it not been for the pleasant view we had of the rich valley of the Upper Elbe, which afforded a delightful relief to the monotony of the hills around us, the journey would have been exceedingly tiresome. The snow still glistened on the distant mountains, but when the sun shone out, the broad valley below, clad in the luxuriance of spring, and standing for at least fifty miles each way on its woods, meadows and white villages, looked like a real Paradise. The lofty ridges over which we travelled ascended nearly a hundred and fifty miles from the Elbe almost to the Danube. The soil is not fertile, the inhabitants are exceedingly poor, and from what we experienced, the climate must be unhealthy. In winter, it is exposed to the full sweep of the northern winds, and in summer the heat is drawn down as with full force upon them. In the streets running through it, and the high-set port, which divides the waters of the Baltic from those of the Black Sea, is filled for a long distance with marshes and standing pools, whose exhalations must inevitably subject the inhabitants to disease. This was perceptible in their sallow, sickly countenances; many of the women are afflicted with the ague, or swelling of the throat, and I noticed that towards evening they always carefully muffled up their faces. According to their own statements, the people suffer very much from the cold in winter, as the few forests the country has are the possession of the nobleman to whom the land belongs, and they are not willing to let them be thus used. The dominations of these petty despots are marked along the road with as much precision as the boundaries of an empire, and we saw sometimes their stately castles at a distance, situated in the midst of the most picturesque villages of the peasants.

A short distance before reaching Kollin a city on the Upper Elbe, we entered Bohemia, the land of the heroism Frederic II. and his Prussians, and the people of Bohemia, in which the latter relieved their country from the yoke of Prussia. A single white obelisk is erected to commemorate it on the top of the hill, surrounded by the remains of the old entrenchments, and from the window of a solitary inn standing by the roadside, Frederic gave the commands to his army. At Kollin, the road which had been running eastward in the direction of Olmutz turned to the south, and we took leave of the Elbe, which turned his course from Magdeburg north to his home in the mountains of Silesia. The country was here more mountainous, and height succeeded height in such somewhat cheerful. We passed, every few places almost, some shrine or statue by the road-side. Many of these were memorials commemorating the border, in the Saxon Switzerland—it seemed as if the boundary of Saxony was that on which the spirit of home in the form of the Virgin was always dressed up in a gay silk robe, with beads and other ornaments. From the miserable painting, the faces often had an expression that would have been exceedingly ludicrous, if the shock given to our feelings of reverence had not been predominant. The poor, degraded peasants always uncovered or crossed themselves when passing by these shrines, apparently under the influence of habit than any loftier impulse, for the Bohemians are noted all over Germany for their dishonesty, and we learned by experience that these were as ever on for it. It is not to be wondered at either; for a people so poor and miserable and oppressed will learn to look with covetousness on the upper few of their themselves. Nevertheless they had one redeeming feature which was very touching and beautiful. At the sound of the church bell, as it rang for the morning, noon and evening chimes, every one uncovered and repeated to himself a prayer. Once, as we rested at noon on a bank by the roadside, would that voice speak out from the house of worship, and every one bowed his head. Would that in this acte spoilt of reverence were added to the light of Knowledge, which a tyrannical government denies them!

The third night of our journey we stopped at the little village of Stockau, and the next morning, after three hours' walk over the ridge hills, reached the old Moravian city of Iglau, built on a hill. It happens to be Corpus Christi day, and the procession of the neighborhood were all hastening there, in their gayest dresses. Some of those were extremely ornamental, particularly those of the women—a crimson scarf around the head, with long fringed and embroidered ends hanging over the shoulders, or a gay silk cap ornamented with gold lace and tassels. They had on black velvet vests, with full white sleeves and skirts of some gay color, which were short enough to show to advantage their red stockings and polished shoe-buckles. Many of them were handsome in person—the round, full face and gipsy-like wildness in their eyes, that combined with their rich hair and graceful costume, made one think of the Italian maidens. The women, with all their open squares and arched passages have quite a southern look; but the dandy, gloomy weather was enough to dispel any illusion of that kind.

In the neighborhood of Iglau, and in fact, though the whole of Bohemia, we saw some of the strangest teams that could well be imagined. We thought the Frankfort milkwomen with their donkey and horse-like carts, were comical objects enough, but they were no comparison to those Bohemian turn-outs. Dogs—for economy's sake, perhaps—generally supply the place of oxen or horses, and it is no uncommon thing to see three large mastiffs abreast, harnessed to a country-cart. A donkey and a cow together, two cows, one cow and with, and one man, going to the festival at Iglau, had his wife and children in a little wagon, drawn by a dog and donkey. These two, however, did not work very well together; the dog would bite his lazy companion and the latter in time soon constantly employed in whipping him off the donkey, and the donkey away from the side of the road. There I saw a woman drawn by a dog and cow, one pushing behind, while a man, doubtless her lord and master sat comfortably within, smoking his pipe—somewhat "over a woman's pace," to be sure, but correct, just as you go into the room—nobody could miss it—I say, nobody could miss it—a stone, and I might perish and you wouldn't move a step your head! But it may come back and see what do you care?

Mary. Oh! I have no fear of your feeling just. I want my walls, and you tell me there's nothing like being near the water. But then, I don't know—I ought to be still; so don't you think it. That's just how I should like a hotel and as I live almost on the river, once suspected the reason of it.

Charles. Well, you shall not sleep on the river to-night, you'll never see it at home! No, you'll live and sleep at Eel-Pie Island, that's all. I shall be left alone with myself and my thoughts, thinking when the hooker will come, and when I shall see you again. Mary, you must leave me and I may tell to take experience, and you'll be better able to judge of the future. Besides, I can't shut my eyes to the fact that I am a year older than when I left you, and I wouldn't have you see me. Now, don't think of going to sleep, Caudle. I'm not sure that you are not in the humor for it, but I'm not sure that you are not in the humor for it.

Caudle. Well, I shall never know rest any more now. There won't be a soul knock at the door after this, that I don't think the hooker is coming to take you away, and I'm sure I shall be something for the Chalkpits to laugh at when you're gone. Oh! I think I see you here, holding for our little articles of bigotry and virtue, and—and what are you laughing at? I *hope* it's not *bigotry and virtue* that *hypocrites* are now? It's very well when you're never so happy as when you're taking me up!

If I can tell what's come to the world, I'm a Dutch woman. Here's a man that's been married only a couple of months, and talking of commencing over his old bachelor days! Now, Caudle, I'm sure it is very hard that you should be left alone with yourself and your thoughts, thinking when the hooker will come, and when you shall see me again,

United States SATURDAY POST.

ISSUED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1865.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO INSTANT PUBLISHERS.

As many difficulties have arisen on the subject of the transmission of subscription moneys to publishers, under the operation of the late Post Office law, we think proper to give the following synopsis of the regulations under which moneys may be paid:

The Post Master allows the money (not exceeding one dollar) to be enclosed in the envelope containing the letter to the publisher, specifying the object, and the amount thereof, and the letter must be sealed by the writer, who endorses and prepays it to the Post Master as a letter containing money.

The Post Master then gives a receipt for the money, which is the publisher's voucher for the amount paid to him, with the name of the person for whom the money was received, and the date and number for the payment of which it is deposited, in the Post Master's Money Book, which the writer is to be paid in the publication.

The Post Master making the receipt in the Publisher's favor is not authorized to touch the letter, but he may treat the letter as a receipt for money, and receive the full value of money, in the Post Master at the place where the money is payable.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher.

Post Office, *Mother, Pa., September 15, 1865.*
Received from *John Halsey*, two dollars for subscription to the *Post Master at Philadelphia.*

Sum—I have this day received from *John Halsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia Weekly Post, which I have credited on your subscription Book. Please notify Government to stop the publication of the Weekly Post when expired.

JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, as the Publishers direct.

A WORD TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We earnestly request subscribers in arrears for the "Post" to remit the amount of their respective subscriptions. This may be done by mail, and small sums in solvent banks will be received in payment. The reduced rate of postage makes this more favorable than ever, and particularly unimportant one, and if subscribers will forward us good money in payment for the "Post," we shall not complain, even should they fail to pay the postage on their letters.

We would add that extensive arrangements have been made for sustaining the interest and value of the Evening Post, as a family journal, and that those who desire careful and agreeable five cent companion, cannot do better than to send on their names at subscribers. Every person wishing to do so, can continue his subscription as long as it lasts, to our address, and where drafts are not formed, one of their number can send the money with the necessary directions, in the letter. Subscribers whose Post Masters are deprived of the franking privilege, we do not doubt their general willingness to oblige their neighbors and friends, by enclosing money for the Post when requested to do so—the postage, of course, to be paid either by or on by the parties at whose request it is enclosed.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

When a bricklayer has undertaken to put up a house, he takes brick after brick in his hand, and going to each individual brick care and attention. As he puts it in its place, seems to have no further care than the careful and proper disposition of a single piece of right angled burnt clay. The hasty observer does not deem this a very elevated employment for the human intellect. But he who looks deeper, and thinks further, remembers that every matter of importance is only an aggregate of trifles; and, that to project a great work it is absolutely necessary that each of the minor, and apparently insignificant details should be carefully considered in its reference and bearing to the whole.

The bricklayer, whether he feel always or ever, relegs in it, ought The most important and carefully considered and elaborated principles of the exact sciences. The pyramids of Egypt do not contain so many or so exactly designed principles of science, or such practically useful principles of art, as a modern dwelling house. There are many rules about the stability of arches, and the position of design combined with the purposes of utility, as his conduct would show, who should prefer a cannon to a fowling piece, in killing rose birds.

The practical and useful changes in the economy of social life, which have been silently going on for ages, and which are still in progress, have been and will continue to be, the results of practical experience. Not only dwelling houses and other edifices, but the manners and habits of those who inhabit occupy them have been and are changing, and for the better. This result—and here is a point at which the time prefers aims —has not been produced by "conventions" and "caucuses," vicious dreams, and vagaries, purporting to change the world in a lump, and society by platforms, but by the natural progress of individual effort—the adoption of improvement from example, and the single efforts of single persons, each in his own sphere, to improve, in itself, and in its relation to that of others.

To return to our first instance. The great social fabric, so we now find it, has been laid up by single bricks. Each seemed, so in the case of the bricklayer, to be placed without much reach of thought, or wideness of vision. But the plumb line and rule of experience, the message of right, the maxims drawn from history and the light, affirmed by practice, have insensibly but efficiently guided the whole process. Old abominations are every year abandoned, and troublesome usages are given place to welcome knowledge.

New York may just been the scene of a species of tom-foolery, which was frantically though pompously denigrated "The World's Convention." Certain mal-contents, and the half suffering, in the present social system which squeezes with their liberal views, sent and formally put forth a string of resolves, each of which every schoolboy has written, as well as "copies," and other of which would disturb the gravity of the grave old Anthony Imslay, well amid the gloominest and most austere of his visages. At the head of the affair was Robert Owen, whose name has long been a synonym for unworkability in its highest phase of weakness and credulity—for fatuities tall like a disturbing cloud invisible between the middle methods—and for all that is visionary, all that is impious, and all that is opposed to all the rest of the world.

This "World's Convention" met in time occupied by querulous speeches and maudlinly ridiculous propositions, has been the laughing story of the New York friends during its session. Many persons, however, have looked upon it more in earnest than in mirth—more as the organ which in its foundation, whatever its advocates may spontaneously pretend—pity that the human mind cannot dwell in quiet, but must seek for satisfaction in public life a congregation of sinner, murmuring and muttering in harsh voices, and the whole world wags on just as if such mutants did not exist among the millions who make up its population.

The consolation of the whole matter is this—it these men, or any others desire, (as all should) that the world be reformed, let each set about it for himself. Let each carefully look to our own head. Let each, as a committee of one, carefully attend to his own life and conduct. The well spent life of one man is more efficient in doing good, and in producing practical beneficial results, not only to his immediate circle, but to the world than all the doings of all the "Social Reform Conventions" which ever assembled. Let "association"—as a general rule—alone. Virtue produces wisdom, are their own support. It is their antipodes that find most need of the machinery of congruency and union to brace the weak limbs of their themselves in combination. There are some men and well understood purposes for which men may very properly band together; and there are others in which union is strength for good. These however, we need not small the good sense of our readers by designating, but we cannot close without whispering the caution that, in that day of Universe-reformers-to-do-every-thing, there is danger that our *good* to the best directions, may, and very justly, be evil spoken of. Never forget man as the individual with an individual account to render, and never fancy that a joint stock moral organization can evade the rule that each is *morally*, as well as justly bodies and bound.

WIND.

In the vernacular, or "flash" phraseology, there is nothing of more importance than the one which stands at the head of this paragraph. The word is the single, 3 brief chandeliers of the "fancy," both long and the word, or its equivalent, is to be found in the mouth of every person in the land, affected with a common cold, which he had in turn inflicted upon the things about him. What one sneeze or cough is to the lungs of the individual, wind is to the country. Others, like ourselves, would also seem to have come to the same conclusion, for the Government of Washington has appointed a Committee of Congress to investigate the matter, and to report the result to him, with the names of the persons who shall be found guilty of the offence. Whether we will or no. There must be something in it, more than meets the eye.

We are at the moment, and on the short hazard, engaged in the delicate duty of the mere handling of the printed sheets of ink and paper, setting forth the ever-varying, ever-interesting, ever-fluctuating, ever-resistant, miscellaneous merits of the performances of the performers of all the theatres, and how anticipations of many months to come, and of others of the success, could such performers to so unpleasant and unsympathetic a manner as we have witnessed in the case of the stage was known. "Unbounded is the character, oh wind!" is plainly discernible on each and every play bill.

In the literary department of the newspaper, we learn that every new work of imagination is Addisonian, Goldsmithian, Bulwerian, or whatever other superior may command the critic's admiration—together many employers of the critic's admiration—together many employers of all that. The subject is an all-excitable, and full of evidence of profound research—scientific and refined books are such as our benighted fathers would have considered as having exceed the Bible itself in true religion. It is all puff—puff—puff. "Unbounded is the character, oh wind!"

Orators political, scientific, or reformers, preachers and missionaries, all drop from their lips such words of wisdom, and power of persuasion, that the hearers are all in a state of excitement, and the boss of all to settle on the lips of the eager auditor a tumultuous enthusiasm, or a profound consideration. Anderson listen with unwonted attention from four hours to six, and lament that they can sit and hear no more. Beecher is all but inspired. All the eloquence of Cicero and Demosthenes—all the pulpit and forensic efforts on record, are nothing to what ancient divine and lay, accomplish in our day. "Unbounded is the character, oh wind!"

Actors in farce, and comic song, the Christy's, Kean, Cooper, and the whole family of the Kembles. Quin and Garrick, Foote, Liston and all the celebrated comedians that ever lived—are constitute the modern masters and heathen eclipse them all. Dramatic authorship has reached its perfection. Sheridan and Knowles, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Ford, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, and all the rest whom the world have notically considered great, are nothing to the latter day lights of dramatic literature—if—we may believe the news papers. "Unbounded is thy character, oh wind!"

The new cities—new towns—new countries—the titles to which are yet in speculation—how magnificently excellent is their character—how magnificent their crown—how boundless are their manifest designs—how truthful their land—how salubrious their climate! Nothing improves the character of a real estate so much as—an advertisement. The raging crowd hotter nothing at the kindness of those who for such parties of paradise go out of their possession, but tumble in the snare, and buy—granite or river and agne lots. "Unbounded is thy character, oh wind!"

But we fear the reader will not stand making himself so much merry. The subject is one to be bounded. Still it will not do to close without looking at a subject into which more wind enters than into anything since the world was created. It never an election in which both parties do not get a victory. There is no party, which, if you look into anything since the world was created, it

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Letters addressed to the Editor, must be post paid.
Letters addressed to the Publisher, must be post paid.
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TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is the agent for the United States Saturday Post, for the States of Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois, and for Missouri, and the Territory of Michigan.
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THOMAS GILLIAT is our Agent for New York and Brooklyn, and John Collins.
WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Boston.
JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

Notices of New Works.

JAMES SHELLY, *The Yankee Boy who had no Friends. By Winthrop Sargent. Published by H. Hastings.* This is a Yankee Boy, the forgotten and despised village fool following the fortunes of the Conqueror of the United States—a path which has been travelled more than once. When man or woman finds he has no friends, he is cured of self-esteem, jealousy and perseverance. If there is anything in him, adverse circumstances bring it out—bring out courage and independence of character, or prove the want of them, render it despair nor to discourage him.

The character is drawn with little vigor, but is executed, down a few years back, are such as Mr. *James*, the very ridiculous and extreme and not to be found in life. We are not at liberty to tell all we know about this gentleman, who stands second to none as a romance writer—he has been "Parker James" some say; but this we may say, that he is a very eminent acquaintance of his relative's research and industry, and that they eat out of the same spoon. Mr. *James* does not make his Yankees contemptible, he has in his time written a book to clear himself for any such libel; and wherever opens the well ground knowledge and appreciation of Reding by the aid of many Yankeeisms and adverbs attempts at training field of wit, will find himself in the midst of Yankeeism, and will have no ear to others. The writer has aimed to describe things as they are or have been; and if he has made but not the immediate locality, he has done it in the true manner of Miss Porter, the Laura Matilda here passages of the Children of the Abbey, the wit, sense, and of Don Quixote, Gil Blas, and Le Diable Boiteux the London lunkum, and passages of the sentiment of Monk Lewis, and the Mysteries of Udolpho, the aqua tinta of the Germans, the wisdom of the Old Bailey, and the nonsense of the public pen-at point of the Indian, the exuberance of incident of the Oriental, the flow of the Italian.

Some art what a sentence! We merely intended to say that if the book were presented to us for review, we are not reaching it as many books do. And now we have said so and that *The Yankee Boy* is not to our taste, and that it is printed in a form which may be sent by mail, is any intended part of Uncle Sam's territory. With a good paper, we shall expect the arrival at a copy of any newspaper in quest of it.

THE REMAINS AND WORKS OF THOMAS ARNOLD, D. D. *Late Head Master of Rugby School, and Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. Published by Lea & Blanchard & Co. Philadelphia. U. S. Agents.* This first American is to supersession upon the English Edition. Every lover of sermons must treasure an important subject which has been so long before the public, and which is now upon an essential part of the volume. Some of them, indeed, would not be agreed upon as sermons in the Oxford movement for instance, which are all organized to those who would read matter pertinent to the circumstances of the second place they are comprised in a systematic arrangement, but much attention having been paid to the logical connection of the parts, and room for the subdivision above specified a portion of the matter in the English edition, which would have swamped or exempt more local and forgotten subjects, of no interest to the general reader.

From these facts it will appear that the American edition is much the more valuable work. Copy-right, and interest to other readers delayed by the time which elapses from making the best selection of articles. As these shortcomings were not to be expected in a first publication, he has gone to a volume much more worthy the reputation of the author, and more acceptable to the reader, English or American, than the work which forms the basis of it. The Three Sermons preached before the queen's have now given us. The Correspondence. The Lectures on History, and the Miscellaneous Articles of considerable value, the most valuable which have ever been published. An independent thinker, and a bold enemy of the shams of society, he has written many of it much as any man can be, above prejudice the writings of all would still retain a salutary influence, wherever they are read.

THE ELEMENTS OF MORALITY, *Including Policy. By William Wayland, D. D. author of "The Elements and Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences" New York. Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia, Key & Biddle, Boston.* This work—just published in England, is dedicated to the Lord Bishop of London. We wish, under the circumstance to introduce, from the Dedication, the most honest avowal which we ever met in such a connection, for it was: "I am desirous that the publication of this in way to the next generation, it should make known to them that I had the great privilege of your friendship." Such is the actual purpose of all dedications, whether or neither but honest enough to admit it or not. The work is published in two volumes, the initials of a series to be issued by the Harper's New Brunswick. It is a comprehensive and most valuable work, thoroughly and giving the general reader who has not time to pursue a or the general reader, a great deal of most valuable information, in a brief space. The readers of the the author's express task the work really is. It is simply the title of "Elements," to but depth enough to set up a system of morals of universal application.

AGLEY'S EDITION OF OLIENDORFF'S GERMAN GRAMMAR. *Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton.* Elementary works are rarely important. The study of a language and if a wrong beginning be made, the student's labor may be worse than useless. Thousands of years have been yet seen, nor do we make the assertion without due examination of the work. In a rich language, like the German, complicated and full of idioms, a grammar is absolutely useful to the beginner; without it he labors in vain to master the idioms and exceptions, and soon loses his ardor, despairs, and abandons the undertaking. In the grammar a master has been adopted, and one which is most perfect. The mode of stumbling the verbs, and the rules respecting the use of the cases, the formation of prefixes, pronouns and articles alternates much of the labor the student must be conducted, and we recommend, and we trust the grammar will be the means of opening to many the rich stores to be found in the Literature of the Continent.

PURITANISM. *By Thomas W. Coe, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.* This is a very highly spiced and peppered work, which has, for its second title—"A Churchman's Defence against the Charge of Puritanism"—a sufficient key to its own History." The author seems stung by the Fifteenth and other Virginia statesmen, and published as and has been at no small pains to show, what is evident enough, that the Puritans had the great privilege of very little basis of intolerance, and habits of persecution, as well as other men. It is now also to prove that they were not quite the ineffective set of canters which they have been represented. The work is prepared with a great deal of considerable ability, and is altogether a worthy age in its quotations. Those who feel interested will read it with pleasure.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. *By the Author of Peter Parley's Tales. Philadelphia: Sorin & Ball.* Every body knows now that Mr. Peter Parley is a literary fact—for no writer has made larger contributions to the literature of the country than he has, although many have written to better purpose. He has the happy faculty of making himself understood by the youngest person, and seizing upon precisely those points which will be best understood, best appreciated, and longest remembered by the reader. His last book is literally illustrated, and is therefore attractive and useful. *English History*, as the introduction to our own, is an important study.

PRACTICAL POET; *or the Inducement of the Religion of the Heart, or the Conduct of the Life. Philadelphia: Sorin & Ball. Boston: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia & U. S. Agents.* This is a republication of some of the best productions of the late Hannah More, in a new and very romantic form; most suitable for presentation to a female friend, during the holidays. There is no key to whom Christian world is more largely indebted than to Hannah More—and whose writings can be in more advantage demonstrated.

THE KNICKERBOCKER. *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, and Brother.* The December number of this excellent monthly booker has been some days upon our table. It is, as is usual with old Knick, like hard and lasting wine. The readers know precisely what to expect. It is always just what it is—unexceptionable, a little more so, rational, solid, and interesting. There are pages of sober matter, but more of light, and in the Editor's Table a lesser vein of genius to fun and fancy.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE continues to present strong claims upon the notice of the reading public. The cream of all the British periodicals, Religious, Scientific and Critical, as well as the lighter matter is regularly served up from week to week.

SNODGRASS. *Lindsay & Blakiston* have received parts 67 and 68 of the Harpers beautiful Shakespeare.

PROUT'S PICTORIAL WORKS. No. 9 of Dr. Prout's Pictorial Works has been published and is for sale by Butler. The embellishments keep up their excellence and admirable characteristics, and the style of the work, composition consistently, is still far from the dry and bare statistics which delight the mere reader, and are required not to say in full into. It is an excellent work for families, interesting the younger members in subjects of profitable study.

MITCHELL'S GEOGRAPHY. *New York: D. Appleton & Co.* This work has been published for some time, and has reached its fifth number. Perhaps no modern instruction has greater advantages to accrue to succeeding than the drawing more at the boarding house, either bought or hired by subscription; and the Lowell Offering now in the third or fourth year of its existence, and the original literary character is completely; and the of the factory girls, has proved to the world that literature is not foreign to their tastes or powers. There are almost seventy known contributors to this periodical, and the editor, Miss Farley, enjoys an honorable reputation. I desired to see and pay my respects to her but she was ill.

The Offering, I was told, and Lowell, with its population of 30,000, has no less than twenty-three places of worship—an indication that the intelligent needs of the inhabitants are well supplied, and that the supply is appreciated.

GUTTENBERG LEAVES. *By Hannah F. Gould. Boston: Wm. Crosby & Co. Philadelphia: Grigg & Elliot.* Another volume of Miss Gould's poems. This is a collection, in a neat volume of many of the fugitive papers of the writer—embracing more points than verse. The public widely acquainted with the graceful poetry of the writer—many of her poems have embodied in school books and standard collections, a selection of her prose cannot but be highly acceptable.

THE WANDERING JEW. Harpers have sent forth a new and liberally illustrated edition of the Wandering Jew. The engravings supply the French have the character and wildness of the French fancy, and are exceedingly appropriate. The type is clear, and the book altogether attractive. The work may be had of *Lindsay & Blakiston*, and of *T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chestnut street.*

LARDNER'S LECTURES. *Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.* The Lectures of Lardner, which were issues at the Lyceum and Westminster, the Polley, Place, Wedge and Bowne, Institution, Cambridge, &c. Three more numbers, embracing the complete in. It is beautifully printed, and liberally illustrated with engravings. It may be had of *T. B. Peterson.*

DOMESTIC ENCYCLOPEDIA. The last number of this valuable work has been received by *Zieber & Co*, and is for sale by Butler. It has a copious index, which was greatly needed in the American edition. It is, as we have before said, one of the most valuable and cheapest of *Lardner's Lectures*. *T. B. Peterson* has also received it.

THE AUSTRIAN. *Cohen & Adriance* have Mr. Ingolds's spicy Periodical for September.

THE WESTERN VILLIAN is now publishing the History, and the number issued is highly interesting.

THE CITY OF SPINDLES.

We do not know that we can present an article more interesting to a very large number—perhaps to the whole—than the accompanying. It is from the pen of a description of the City of Lowell, written by a correspondent of the NEW YORK Commercial Advertiser.

Long as I have been a daily reader of the Commercial, I do not remember ever to have seen it in which I was more disposed to do so than the present respondent, having in its date the name of this thriving city, and therefore little curiosity. And yet Lowell is well worth visiting and describing, as well for what it is as the manner in which it has come to be what by which it has grown thereto. In one respect it is unlike any other manufacturing city, town, or village into which my wanderings have led me. Whether in Europe or America, it bears on its front no evidences of our engrossing and predominant occupation. It is a city of cotton factories—not a population are for the most part workers or dealers in cotton. It is not that I can find a dozen large cotton yards, staple and water power in the face of every man, but there is no appearance of the kind to attract much alike, in a sort of cotton smokers. Enter the city from any direction and lofty mills rise on all the river, and the water-falls, which are hundreds yards without coming to a bridge, spanning the river, along which flow the machinery impelling water. Centering round the mills are large brick buildings, some two, but most of them three stories high, very plain and stuck resembling barracks, extending in the most neat and respectable to the rear, and there are the boarding-houses in which the factory girls are lodged. They are under efficient supervision it kept up over them, if is not, and all accounts agree in saying that in no where are such numbers of single young women, in the aggregate of operatives, to be found of equal of conduct, prudence in the management of their earnings, and virtuous as in the factory population of Lowell.

The population of Lowell is at this time not far from 30,000; in 1826 it was less than 6,000; in 1830 it was 18,000; and it increased in the ensuing of more than 20,000, or six times—nearly seven times the original number. And every where the eye meets only indications of prosperous and comfortable circumstances. There are no of considerable accumulations. There are no manufacturing corporations, with a capital in the aggregate of twelve millions of dollars, and the operatives for the production of cotton and woollen in leave there are thirty-three hundred, and more than are attached machine shops, chemical laboratories, &c. It should be remembered that to these are attached machine shops, chemical laboratories, &c. It should be remembered that to these are attached machine shops, chemical laboratories, &c. It should be remembered that to these

Selected Poetry.

FROM THE NEW YORK SUN.

THE ORANGE TREE.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

Planted on an upshot cone,
Soon the seed, and young, the tree;
Then the bud, and then the bloom;
Flower, like a living spell,
Fragrant for a league and wide,
Till the air is sweet from end to end.
Then the fruit, the golden fruit,
Hanging in the leaves around,
Through the circling season known
For a fleecy veil to be.
As a shield of God should be,
And the guide of Heaven above!

Such an heaven of evergreen
Folded in the winter's cloud,
Never seemed to them all round.
Where the light of spring was cast,
Where the breezy blossoms sang,
Where the summer's golden ring
Fruit to glisten of another field
Than the orchard's mortal yield!
Such, whose fairest fruit is seed,
Or even a glossy round for toys,
Should be gourmets of Faith shall be,
Beside the generous Orange tree.

Surprised by a pang of love
Like the bird to unseen her phase;
Then, for just it gives her song,
Thinking Heaven, her mind upon,
Thinking God, she sings the while
Such, whose fairest fruit is seed,
Or even a glossy round for toys,
Gazing unmoved for human dower,
Seeing not the Angel in the sight,
Height the widest, forth to Him
Sweet to sun, and bird and bee
Is the passive Orange tree.

Oh! by one fair rose amidst
Of the Spring's virtue named,
What there is the owner's love
Towards his blossom's coming grow!
Through it with a palace, every
Leaning, and the sunlight, Wafts he, raptured at the sight,
And with kindred eyes to see
He doth her fitful Master search,
Fell, if he be, or false, Cherish,
On his lofty ground is one
To entwine, or leave to die.

Man, if there wrestles with the crown
Of his glory, and the Tree
Of his life, and the Tree of
Faith, and Heaven, and Charity,
Mid the summer of earth and time—
Still with heavenly odors from
Never changing across cool—
See the grain and bow down
Through the other symbol alone!
Fall, O Tree of Life!
Thou to Christ a Symbol true!

Sea Sketches.

THE YANKEE'S PRIZE.

FROM THE BOSTON JOURNAL.

It is well known, doubtless, to all our readers, that during the latest, and I hope the last war with Great Britain, an immense injury was done to the British commerce by American privateers and letters of marque. British ships were liable to be met on every sea. Some, which were good sailers and well found, and consisted valuable cargoes, were captured and ordered to some port in the United States; but the greater part of the captured ships were burnt on the waters where they were captured, after having been stripped of their most valuable articles. Such incidents were often seen in the offing on the Atlantic, on the Pacific and on the Indian Oceans; and while they rendered necessary to cripple the resources of the enemy, they caused a vast amount of individual suffering, and plunged worthy men, who, perhaps, deprecated a war between the two countries as a great evil to be avoided at all hazards—from the summit of affluence to the lowest depths of poverty. Such are some of the natural and unavoidable consequences of war!

In the month of August, 1813, a British brig called the Wanderer of —, Baltimore pilot boat fashion, was despatched from a port in New England for the East Indies, with full permission to "capture, burn, sink, or destroy" any vessels belonging to the enemy, which might be met with on the outward or homeward bound passage. It was thought, however, that the injury that this vessel would do to the British commerce would be of but very great, for she was but better calculated for sailing than for fighting—her whole armament consisting of only six twelve pound carronades, while twenty-five good seamen composed all her effective crew. Nevertheless the Wanderer made an imposing appearance on the water. She was a long, black, rakish-looking craft—apparently very fast, and admirably calculating new port holes on each side. On the high seas she would be easily overtaken by the enemy for an eighteen gun brig, with all the customary means and appointments.

The Wanderer was commanded by Richard Wilcox, Esq., a man of great integrity and resolution, and who possessed among other characteristics of a thorough seaman, a ready eloquence. He was a strict disciplinarian, and whatever he once gave consequences of law to another, he would see done and with admirable skill and dexterity.

On the outward passage Captain Wilcox fell in with a number of British armed vessels, and was several times chased by their frigates and sloops of war, from which he found little difficulty in escaping. When he fell in with a merchantman under a government vessel of small size, either of which would have been more than a match for the Wanderer, with her limited armament and complement of men, he would hoist the "stars and stripes" the ensign usual and crowd all sail to windward or due towards her, with a drag astern, to retard the brig's way, and preclude the possibility of escape of the poor black shot—which is an agony of fear the enemy would clear off with all possible despatch.

The Wanderer was bound to China, and reached Whampoa after a short passage of one hundred and fifteen days. She succeeded in getting into port in spite of the British cruisers, which at that time were stationed at convenient intervals along the whole southern coast of China, and which succeeded in trapping a number of valuable American ships and preventing others from leaving port. Her arrival caused quite a sensation among the English officers, and Old Commodore Tressal, who arrived at Whampoa in the frigate Salamander, a few days afterwards, declared, with a knowing look, as he gazed with an admiring eye on the fair proportions of the beautiful brig that although "Jonathan" had fairly weathered them by entering the port, yet he would find it a difficult matter to get out.

Captain Wilcox anchored his brig apart from the other vessels in the harbor, and took pains to conceal the real condition of the vessel's crew and crew. On shore, especially in presence of British officers, he halted large, and impressed them with the idea that the Wanderer was a crack privateer of eighteen guns, and of heavy and excellent men. In the meantime, he was secretly purchasing his cargo of teas and silks, and by way of shot had loaded on board—quakers, or wooden goat, to be manufactured on board, and regular mounted as carriage or slides. He was thus enabled on gala days to show what appeared to be a respectable set of guns, although the greater part of them were false ones.

One day Commodore Tressal, in a conversation with Captain Wilcox, expressed a desire to go on board the Wanderer. The Yankee was aware that the Commodore never wished to entirely himself of the efficiency of his vessel, and to form an opinion of the result of any contest that might take place between the former and one of the English ships that got brigs then in those seas. Nevertheless, with out indecency by his manner, and with a politeness entirely invited the British officer to honor the Wanderer with his presence on the day appointed.

Capt. Wilcox went immediately on board the brig, had his topgallant yards struck—and when Commodore Tressal came on board in his barge, agreeably to appointment, and was received with the like garb, and provided with trumpets, apron, boarding pikes, cutlasses and pistols, and the guns not shot were arranged conspicuously in racks about the bulwarks—and the whole crew, under the disguise of great profusion, were exhibited in gallant array. Wilcox, also was seldom at a loss for an expedient, and considered how he should make up for the excuse the deficiency in men, and hailed a boat about to the captain of the few American vessels in port, for the loan of their crews for a day! This favor was readily granted! The Wanderer was soon manned by some eighty or ninety of her fellows—a very handful a reinforcement as unchanged—for no other and no richer cabins or state rooms, and when Commodore Tressal came on board in his barge, agreeably to appointment, and mounted up the starboard main ladder, and over the gangway, and was met by a crew, all neatly dressed in blue jackets, he was provided in his own mind that the Wanderer was excellent in a great deal of comfort, and would make short work with any thing of less force than a sloop of war! He entertained to take his command accordingly.

The music equalled the expectations of Captain Wilcox, who stood as much true of a small gentleman as of a frigate. The wind was treasonable to avoid a contact with either, and the two vessels moved on his heels, if he could come get fairly out to sea. An hour passed, and brought with it a stiff and equal set in during the night. The wind blew in force and fitful gusts, and the rain fell in great quantities, and increased the obscurity of the atmosphere. Wilcox was anxious to be out to sea, and under a reefed foretopmast and jib, and like a streak of daylight out at the harbor of Whampoa!

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"Ship ahoy! What ship is that? What cargo and ready to fire?" and then discerning her consort, in the distance, with the British colors flying, and which was still double-shotted with round and grape—and the Wanderer, with the like, he added, "I have just the work with the Wanderer, and decided the contest against her.

But Captain Henderson was accompanied by his wife, a young and beautiful lady, to whom he had been married but a few short months. And in this circumstance he found no little hindrance to engage in a desperate contest with a vessel apparently well fitted for fighting, and evidently full of men. With a heavy heart he handed the officer his papers, and assisted his wife into the boat, and with the greater part of the crew, they were soon on board the ship, but not one would leave the wreck of greater security, and temporarily steered away before the south "the gardens," in the Indian Ocean.

The rich history of the land are they, and, descendants of the oldest families in the realm, although their immediate ancestors had been driven from their native country by the cruel and relentless scourge of every day life, and their quiet virtues are unheeded, as the world's attention could not be diverted by the brig; and he issued orders to take out every thing that could be saved, and set the vessel on fire. It was then that Capt. Henderson ventured to remonstrate in a gentlemanly manner against such a summary disposition of property, in which he was directly interested, for he was a part owner of the ship and cargo. He suggested that by burning the ship, he was only would be destroyed, and without any benefit to his captor; and that by removing the ship and cargo to the beginner property to hers, Capt. Wilcox would perform a noble and magnanimous act, which would greatly redound to the honor of his country. Capt. Wilcox was moved by the solicitude of Henderson's wife, and the latter of the Indiaman, if the case would admit, consented to the proposition.

Capt. Wilcox soon ascertained by examining the ship's papers that he had captured a prize of little value. He could not spare men enough to navigate her into an American port; her cargo consisted of of bulky articles, and could not be transferred to the brig; and he issued orders to take out every thing that could be saved, and set the vessel on fire. It was then that Capt. Henderson ventured to remonstrate in a gentlemanly manner against such a summary disposition of property, in which he was directly interested, for he was a part owner of the ship and cargo. He suggested that by burning the ship, he was only would be destroyed, and without any benefit to his captor; and that by removing the ship and cargo to the beginner property to hers, Capt. Wilcox would perform a noble and magnanimous act, which would greatly redound to the honor of his country. Capt. Wilcox was moved by the solicitude of Henderson's wife, and the latter of the Indiaman, if the case would admit, consented to the proposition.

This was a view of the matter which was obviously new to one who was accustomed to look at it from the reasoning of the Englishman, and his feelings became exasperated against every one who felt that it was little better than piracy to seize, and destroy property belonging to private individuals, who were at peace with the nation of the ocean. But it is uncertain what would have been the result, had he not at that moment been aware of the beautiful and accomplished Mrs. Henderson. She was pale—but charming in her sorrow—and addressed the captain in a musical voice, which sounded to him, accustomed only to the gruff monotone of the sailor, like the music of the heavens. He listened to her supplication, and his eloquent language she pleaded the cause of her husband, and Capt. Wilcox, still stupid and apparently stern, yielded, perhaps, deprecated a war between the two countries as a great evil to be avoided at all hazards—from the summit of affluence to the lowest depths of poverty. Such are some of the natural and unavoidable consequences of war!

In the month of August, 1813, a British brig called the Wanderer of —, Baltimore pilot boat fashion, was despatched from a port in New England for the East Indies, with full permission to "capture, burn, sink, or destroy" any vessels belonging to the enemy, which might be met with on the outward or homeward bound passage. It was thought, however, that the injury that this vessel would do to the British commerce would be of but very great, for she was but better calculated for sailing than for fighting—her whole armament consisting of only six twelve pound carronades, while twenty-five good seamen composed all her effective crew. Nevertheless the Wanderer made an imposing appearance on the water. She was a long, black, rakish-looking craft—apparently very fast, and admirably calculating new port holes on each side. On the high seas she would be easily overtaken by the enemy for an eighteen gun brig, with all the customary means and appointments.

The Wanderer was commanded by Richard Wilcox, Esq., a man of great integrity and resolution, and who possessed among other characteristics of a thorough seaman, a ready eloquence. He was a strict disciplinarian, and whatever he once gave consequences of law to another, he would see done and with admirable skill and dexterity.

On the outward passage Captain Wilcox fell in with a number of British armed vessels, and was several times chased by their frigates and sloops of war, from which he found little difficulty in escaping. When he fell in with a merchantman under a government vessel of small size, either of which would have been more than a match for the Wanderer, with her limited armament and complement of men, he would hoist the "stars and stripes" the ensign usual and crowd all sail to windward or due towards her, with a drag astern, to retard the brig's way, and preclude the possibility of escape of the poor black shot—which is an agony of fear the enemy would clear off with all possible despatch.

The Wanderer was bound to China, and reached Whampoa after a short passage of one hundred and fifteen days. She succeeded in getting into port in spite of the British cruisers, which at that time were stationed at convenient intervals along the whole southern coast of China, and which succeeded in trapping a number of valuable American ships and preventing others from leaving port. Her arrival caused quite a sensation among the English officers, and Old Commodore Tressal, who arrived at Whampoa in the frigate Salamander, a few days afterwards, declared, with a knowing look, as he gazed with an admiring eye on the fair proportions of the beautiful brig that although "Jonathan" had fairly weathered them by entering the port, yet he would find it a difficult matter to get out.

Captain Wilcox anchored his brig apart from the other vessels in the harbor, and took pains to conceal the real condition of the vessel's crew and crew. On shore, especially in presence of British officers, he halted large, and impressed them with the idea that the Wanderer was a crack privateer of eighteen guns, and of heavy and excellent men. In the meantime, he was secretly purchasing his cargo of teas and silks, and by way of shot had loaded on board—quakers, or wooden goat, to be manufactured on board, and regular mounted as carriage or slides. He was thus enabled on gala days to show what appeared to be a respectable set of guns, although the greater part of them were false ones.

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